

# Memories of Grandmother



Happy Birthday!

To Dorothy,

Nov. 1958.  
from Anna

ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY

**MEMORIES OF GRANDMOTHER**




## GRANDMOTHER

The author of this book is the great-great-grand-daughter of one of the first families who settled in, Lincoln Land, Sangamon County, Illinois. Vivian Elliott White.

Her grandmother of the book was Ruth Clayton Elliott who married at sixteen and whose husband died young leaving her seven children to raise and educate on a 200 acre tract of land. She was truly a pioneer woman. Her wonderful fortitude and strength of character were instilled into her children with the results that all of them were quite successful in life. Her grandchildren are in many instances world famous. The thread of her burning desire to accomplish things has been woven even into the third generation.

This book was illustrated by her great-grand-daughter Judith Ellen Elliott who at fifteen was willing and unafraid to undertake the task of sketching this her first book.



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This book is dedicated to my mother and husband  
Lula Elliott and Attorney Alexander White

Grandmother's Code  
Phillipians 3-13

*Forgetting what lies behind and straining forward  
to what lies ahead. I press on toward the goal for  
the prize of the upward call of God in Christ Jesus.*





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### MY PIONEER GRANDMOTHER

Let me tell you of my Grandma, to me she was so old,  
A pioneer woman, thin and tall, almost six foot I'm told,  
Her face was stern, a classic nose held her forehead high,  
Eyes were blue, bright as steel, then soft like a summer sky,  
Hair that curled around her face was red like flaming trees,  
Arms were gentle that held me tight when I toddled to her knees.

I still can see her on the porch a working until late,  
Her eyes a traveling up the lane a looking toward the gate,  
And then a smile would cross her face and sometimes she would sigh,  
One tear would drop upon her lace, and then her hands would fly  
To brush it off and look around to see if I was near,  
For Grandma-ma was mighty proud and never shed a tear.

The years flew by, a girl of nine found lots of hours to spend  
A sitting on the porch with her a looking toward the bend,  
A million questions filled her mind, if Grandma-ma was told  
Perhaps she'd tell her things she did when she was young and bold,  
The picnics and the taffey pulls and dancing in the barn,  
Oh, yes, she'd ask her; yes, she would, while she unrolled the yarn.

Then later at the taffy pull — why I got stuck, my pet.  
The picnic, dear, was how we met, some folks had come to call,  
We ate together in the yard, and he was fair and tall,  
He asked to drive me home that night, 'tis sweet to think of yet.  
The barn dance was the best dance I remember of them all,  
He asked me if I'd marry him when we danced around the hall.

How scared I was, when Tom said "You belong to me."  
Our wedding it was oh, so sweet; yes, dear, 'twas hell at night.  
My dress was blue, my bonnet borrowed my shoes were black and tight.  
The guests they ate and drank and danced far, far into the dawn.  
Then came the time for us to go, and Tom's arm I leaned upon  
And proudly went out through the door so mother couldn't see

We came around the bend out there at sunset that same day  
And I was weary, hungry, heartsick there's not much more to say.  
We'd drove in from the north and at the gate I'd stopped my mare  
To look at our new cabin, a small two-room affair.  
Then Tom, he opened up the gate and I came down the lane.  
Since then this place for me, my dear, has been my domain.

My life here has been filled with joy, sorrow, tears and pain,  
For God not only sent the sun, but sometimes there was rain,  
A baby girl that lived a year, her smile still stays behind;  
Yet through the other children there was happiness to find,  
And so 'twill be with you, my dear, when love it comes your way.  
May God grant you his sunshine and omit the rainy day.

## MY BELOVED

You call your man sweetie pie, lover boy, honey and dear.  
I call my husband my beloved and it always brings him near.  
You say your man is cute, real snazzy, has a roving eye.  
I say my husband's handsome, when he looks my heart soars to the sky.  
You tell me he would buy you a fur coat or a car.  
I tell you I want nothing from mine, our happiness to mar.  
You laugh, that I'm old fashioned; I should get in the swing.  
I laugh, and sigh alas — the love bug that bit me me had a deeper sting.



## LOVER'S LANE

Oak trees entwined their arms  
Across the quiet road way;  
Causing shadows and sunlight  
To dance about and play.  
The fragrance of lilacs  
Sweetly scented the air  
Where we left a heart initialed  
On an oak scarred and bare.

Many years have come and gone,  
Slipped so quickly by;  
But the memory of that heart,  
Still can bring a sigh.  
Love was young and sweet  
As we lingered in the lane.  
Our hearts were filled with joy,  
We had yet to learn of pain.



## ETERNAL LOVE

Moonbeams making leafy shadows  
As they shine down through the trees  
The long forgotten smell of lilacs  
Awakens for them memories —

Boy and girl discovering —  
The true meaning of a kiss  
As love came seeking out their hearts to  
Leave one moment of eternal bliss.

Box of Valentines all faded.  
White roses, saved by a bride.  
Is all that's left of youth except —  
Their precious love — now deep inside.





# Z-Z-Z-z-z

## HOW TO CATCH A HUSBAND

How to catch a husband, dear, is easy, you will see —,  
Just buzz around and buzz around until you find a he.  
The sort of man that you could love and then you start to flirt.  
Go out and buy some fancy clothes and fix yourself real pert.

Now don't you tell a single soul, then you will have first chance.  
And when he passes by you, dear, just give him one sly glance.  
Then if he nods and smiles and speaks why, dear, you're on the beam.  
And you can start to make some plans that won't be just a dream.

Of course to catch a real husband takes more than one sly glance.  
The next thing that you'd better do is teach him how to dance.  
Then ask him over to your house and seat him in a nook,  
For when he starts to love and spoon, you've got him on the hook.

Of course he'll put up quite a fight, so give him plenty of line.  
But when he settles down at last I'm sure he will be fine.  
This is the way to catch a man so here's good luck to you.  
And if you're clever, sweet and coy, he soon will say I do.



## THINGS GRANDMOTHER LOVED

She loved to walk through a quiet woods  
Where all nature lay at rest.  
Where trees stood like awkward giants,  
Each holding an empty nest.

She loved to hear the dry rustle  
Of the wind as it sang through the weeds.  
To feel spring's breath whispering,  
"I shall awaken the seeds."

She loved to see white crocus  
Swept clean by the soft warm rain;  
To lie on earth's green carpet,  
Forgetting life's trouble and strain.

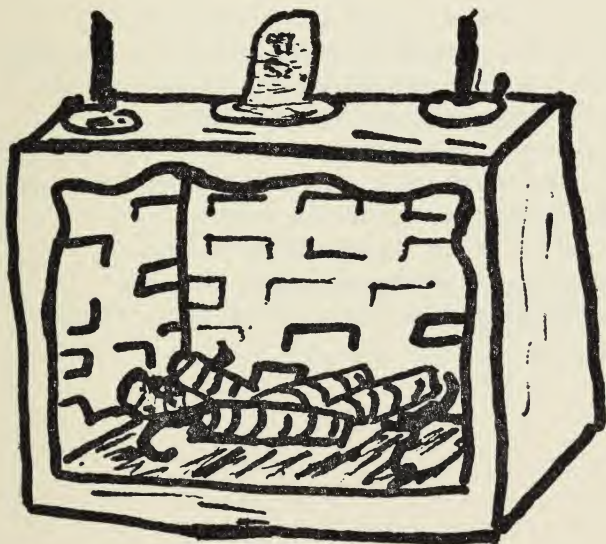
She loved to smell lilacs and roses  
Mingled on a warm summer night.  
She knew God ruled this mighty world  
And she was a child in His sight.





## FIRESIDE DREAMS

My Grandma loved to sit by the fire  
When the cold wind howled outside,  
And let her mind leap into the spring,  
On wild horses it seemed to ride.  
She planned all her fancy flower beds,  
Planted shrubs and a small oak tree.  
Then looked at dress goods for the spring,  
Choosing which was best for me.  
Each night she rearranged her house,  
Attic to cellar it seemed;  
The furniture moved, curtains dyed,  
And the chairs made new as she dreamed.  
She sat and rocked as the night grew cold  
Longing for spring and the sun.  
Have you ever had spring dreams by the fire?  
With her it was lots of fun.



## THE OLD SHAWL

When new it was pure white, but yellow now with age,  
Embroidered roses, fringe of silk, which once was all the rage,  
To her the shawl was priceless, filled with memories so dear.  
For me it holds a different meaning for it brings her near.  
Grandad gave her the shawl to wear to their first dance.  
Next she wore it at her wedding held in the church manse.  
Later on she used the shawl to wrap her first born in  
To show him off to all their friends and folks who were of kin.  
Eight babies were all christened with the shawl and lace  
Which made a lovely halo around each little face.  
Years passed and she began to feel weariness and cold.  
The shawl for her meant warmth as she snuggled in its fold.  
Now she has gone away and left her shawl to me.  
I wonder if my life like hers will run excitingly.  
To me the shawl represents traditions she upheld  
For throughout all her life in woman's virtues she excelled.

## SHOES

Three dozen pair of shoes  
Sat on her closet floor.  
Rainbow of brilliant hues  
Now who could ask for more.  
Next to the wall we find  
One pair his Sunday best  
Plus a small vacant spot  
Left over from the rest.  
The years flew on and on  
How many no one knows.  
Then the small vacant spot  
Held tiny shoes with bows.  
These shoes were followed soon  
By several other kind.  
Quickly she saw hers go  
And still she didn't mind.  
Until today and then  
Her eyes were filled with tears.  
There sat white wedding shoes  
Oh, where had gone the years?

## GRANDMA'S FLOWER GARDEN

My Grandma had a garden  
Quite different from the rest.  
For it was filled with wild flowers  
The kind that I liked best.

She went deep in the forest  
Dug up one of each kind.  
Then planted them all hit and miss  
So they were hard to find.

Each day she let me gather  
Until my arms were full.  
She said that all her wild flowers  
Grew just for me to pull

I picked for her Sweet Williams  
And Bluebells wet with dew.  
Thus I learnt the names of flowers  
From one who really knew.

## GRANDMA'S STRING BALL

Each day she saved a little string  
And rolled it tight into a ball.  
Then looked away into the spring.  
Outside her window it was fall.

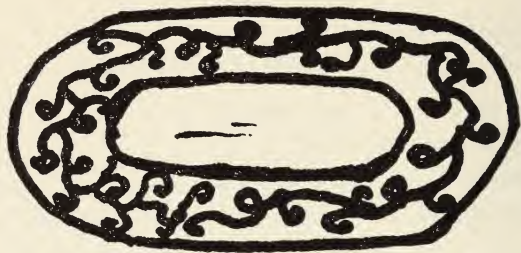
She started saving early, long  
Before the snow fell on the ground.  
By May the ball lay on the floor  
It's blended colors twined around.

Wistaria and Clematis soon  
Were popping out around the place;  
I helped her tie the stringers up,  
All woven in and out like lace.

I wonder what Grandma Hall  
Would do for string today.  
For everything is all Scotch taped.  
String is now almost passe.

We have no time to tie up vines,  
We use striped awnings for our shade,  
And since we have no string ball now  
The memories of the spring soon fade.





### BLUE PLATTER

She tried hard to recall the years  
It had been in the cupboard there.  
Now its edges were chipped and worn  
It was hidden — no one to care.

She reached up and took it down  
The like all womankind,  
Paused and sighed, as tender scenes  
Of the past rushed to her mind.

At Christmas in a house of logs  
The platter held turkey, browned.  
Other days there were deer and goose  
For her eight to pass around.

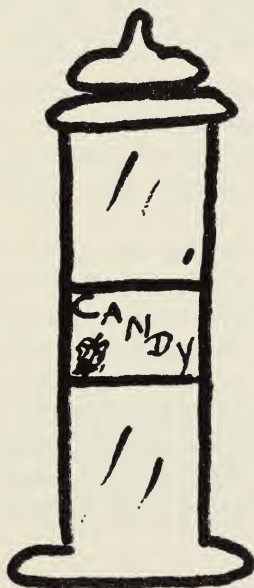
Life was sweet and filled with work  
Yet it did not seem to matter.  
Till today with her children gone she found  
No use for her old blue platter.

## GRANDMA'S CANDY JAR

An old fashioned candy jar stood on my grandma's stand  
It was placed exactly right for an eager little hand;  
When I went to visit her I looked there first to see,  
If grandma-ma had filled it up with candy just for me.

I'd see lemon drops, jelly beans, a licorice stick inside,  
And I could hardly wait until my bonnet was untied;  
Then I would slip to the jar when grandma wasn't near.  
Each time I was afraid the rattle of the lid she'd hear.

Now the candy jar sits lower, on a cocktail stand,  
Placed just right for a darling little man.  
Now I am a grandma and have learned to play the game.  
And when I hear the lid, I never call his name.





### GRANDMA'S APPLE BUTTER

The day Grandma made apple butter was a busy time for her.  
Folks came from near and far to help her peel and stir.  
By four p.m. the hitching lot held a dozen rigs or more,  
And piles of juicy apples were soon without a core.

When all were quartered and in jars she laid a rag on top,  
Grandad, fiddling called for folks to come and dance the hop.  
Wood fires burned beneath the kettles as the sun went down.  
One held cider and the other apples turning brown.

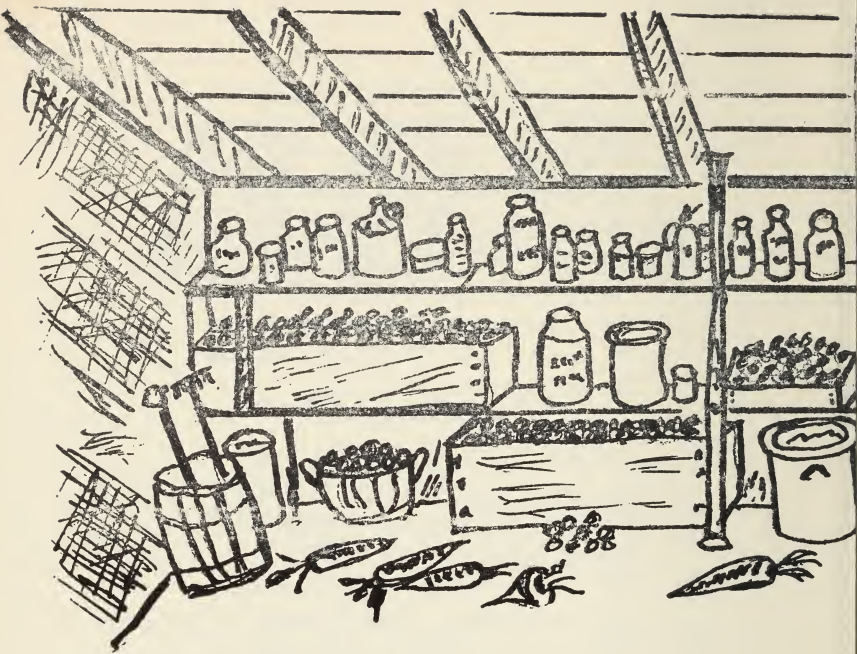
We all took turns at stirring with a paddle and a rag.  
Grandma let me put the cloves and cinnamon in a bag.  
This she drop in the cider when it had boiled down low,  
Then men poured in the apples and let it finish slow.

By ten o'clock thickened samples were passed all around.  
That taste I still remember, none like it can be found.  
Today we buy our apple butter, any brand you so desire.  
And thus we cheat ourselves of the fun by the fire.



## GRANDMOTHER'S CHURN

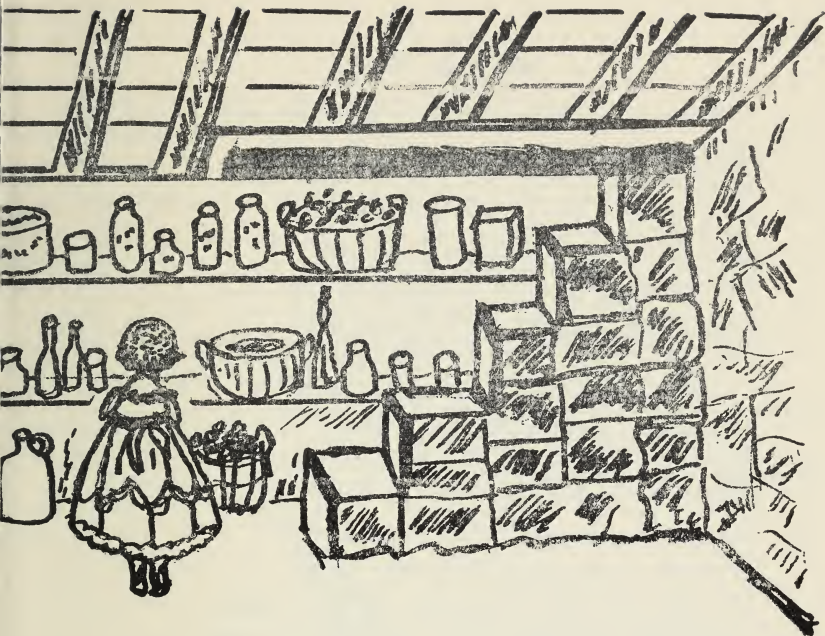
In the corner at last I found it —  
My Grandmother's churn tucked away.  
I would bring it down from the attic,  
But what would my children say?  
The light oak, pear shaped barrel,  
Had a long wooden pole through its top;  
On its sides were carved fancy rose-buds  
Plus the name of a famous shop.  
I lifted the lid and looked in it;  
It seemed I could still smell the cream.  
Two bars and the pole made the dasher  
With holes drilled in each crossing beam.  
Was it yesterday I stood watching  
While grandmother poured cream inside,  
And up and down, I kept churning  
Till my tears I could no longer hide?  
Then grandmother said, "Let me see, dear.  
Yes, it's done. Bring a plate for the butter.  
With her hand she would swish it and gather  
The loose flakes while softly she'd mutter.  
"As I live, it surely is creamy  
Need to work out the milk, I'm afraid."  
Then placing it on her old doughboard,  
She'd knead till firm butter was made.  
Next, buttermilk, fresh and delicious,  
Was poured in a glass just for me.  
Guess I'll leave the old churn in the attic  
Where my children would think it should be.



### GRANDMA'S FRUIT CELLAR

My folks went to visit Grandma on Thanksgiving day each year  
And after dinner she would say "Come let us count the jars my dear."  
She knew I liked this little treat of going underground.  
To look at all her winter food which held me there spellbound.

The cellar was a large deep cave with a smoke house built above.  
And when we started down the steps there was an apple smell we love.  
Once inside the big damp cellar my eyes would nearly pop,  
The lantern showed long rows of jars on shelves from floor to top.



There were vegetables and fruits too many for me to name.  
And we would start to count and often find six dozen of the same.  
The floor held built in bins of apples, pumpkins, and the like.  
And large stone jars of pickles, peppers, cider with a spike.

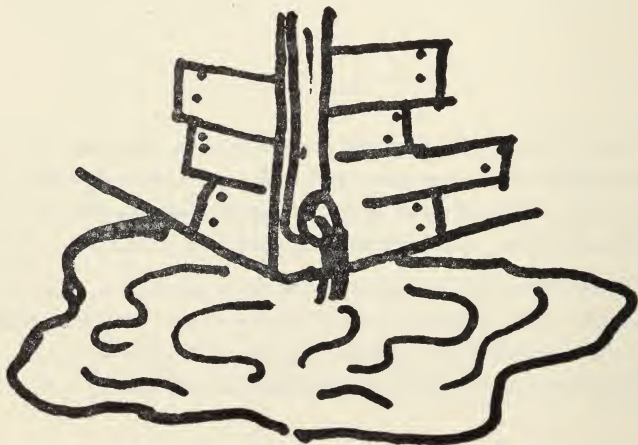
It would take our afternoon to list all the jars and stuff —  
And Grandma always smiled and said "I wonder if I've canned enough."  
Now we have a deep freeze and her way of life is gone —  
But my memories of Grandma's cellar linger on and on.

## THE WELL HOUSE

Grandma had a lattice house built around her well,  
Where in the summer time we could sit a spell.  
It was like a playhouse with vines all tightly bound.  
Most intriguing place I have ever found.

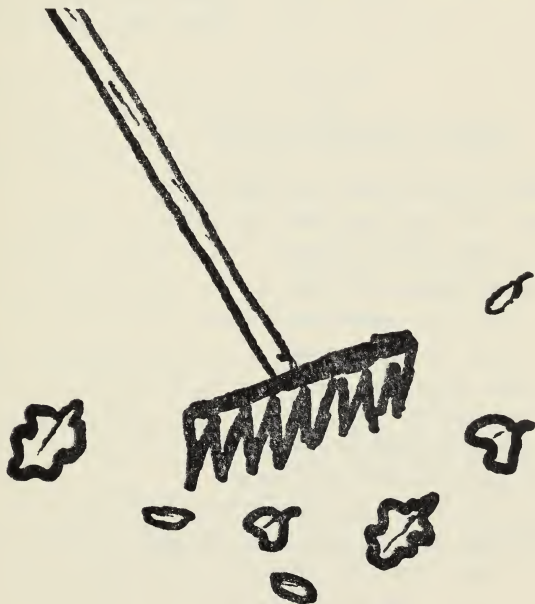
Right after supper Grandma and our Nan  
Put milk, eggs and butter in an old tin pan.  
Then hurried to unlock the well house door  
And hang the food in a pail dropped down through the floor,  
It was so cool inside, I always begged to stay.  
Nan told me stories which I recall today,  
She said "the Devil lives far, far down below,"  
Showed me the deep hole before we turned to go.

Time has slipped by and this is of the past.  
Yet there is one memory which seems to last:  
How deep and dark it looked, the old Devil's home.  
It still keeps me straight when I am tempted to roam.



## LEAF HOUSE

When I was just a little girl we had a lot of fun.  
A romping and a playing in the leaves till day was done —  
We'd go out early in the morn when leaves were crisp and brown.  
And make a great big leaf house with a fancy porch all around.  
The kids would come from near and far to play in our house too.  
We'd have a mother and a dad and children which we never knew.  
By eventide our leaf house we could no more remake.  
And we would haul and pile it up until our backs would nearly break.  
Mother always furnished wieners, then but five cents a pound.  
And we would sit and roast them on a log and watch our house burn down.  
Soon wind and heat would take their toll and little heads would nod.  
And we would wish oh how we'd wish our leaf house had been made of sod





## GOLDEN BOUQUET

Some folks think of dandelions  
As nothing but a worthless weed  
Spend long hours on bended knee  
To dig them up before they seed.

Grandma thought of them as flowers  
They were a very special kind  
For each spring a small grandchild  
Would pull for her all he could find.

Little fists held only tops  
Placed gently in her lap in piles  
Which made her a golden bouquet  
When interspersed with baby smiles.

## FALL'S WEDDING GOWN

A strip of gold borders our hedge rows.  
Russet silk hangs from the corn stalks.  
Silver veils, spiders originals,  
Cover the bushes and walks.  
Red velvet flares from the Coxcomb.  
The Asters are taffeta white.  
Rosebuds create tiny buttons  
Of satin soft and light.  
Dew drops are used for the trimming  
Milk pods make floss and thread.  
When Jack Frost comes to wed.  
Fall's dress must be finished and waiting



### THANKSGIVING AT GRANDMA'S

I remember the old bobsled and the hired man who met the train;  
How we shivered beneath the robes as the horse pulled through the lane.  
Grandma stood in the doorway waving a wooden spoon;  
Spicy odors filled the crisp air arousing appetites too soon.

I remember Grandad fixed the table in his best suit.  
A long extended table with a centerpiece of fruit;  
Which I walked around and around, as folks chatted by the stoves.  
There I saw jellies, cranberries, stuffed peppers and peaches with cloves.

I remember how I thought I would surely, surely starve,  
Before Grandad finished the blessing and lifted his knife to carve.  
He always gave me the drum stick which I felt was a special treat,  
Oyster dressing, gravy and potatoes, mashed and sweet.

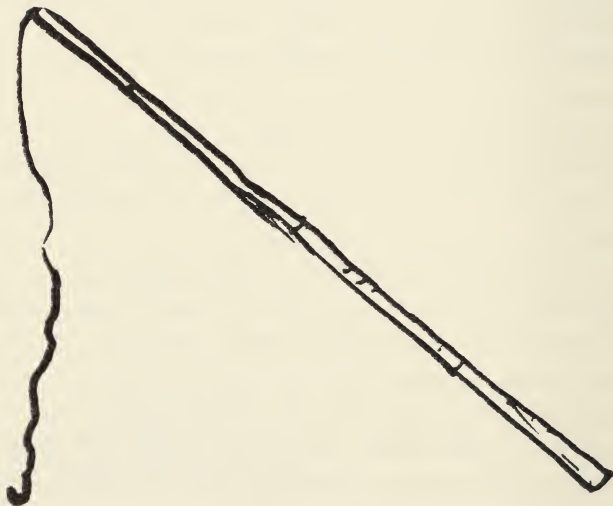
I rememb̄er adding vegetables and folks began to laugh,  
Such a plate for a little girl who could never eat but half.  
For dessert we had plum pudding, cakes white and dark and pumpkin pies.  
Soon we were stuffed like the turkey and I heard only groans and sighs.

I remember after dishes the women traded recipes,  
Men smoked and swapped tall tales and I had cats and pups to tease.  
The day passed all too swiftly soon we left with smiles and tears.  
Do you ever long for this day as I do through the years?

## DREAMS

The creek lay behind the old red barn  
Where she went to fish each day  
Always it gurgled and laughed in glee  
Splashing mossy green curtains in play.

Beyond the bend lay the big wide world  
Filled with an unknown tomorrow.  
But when she fished and dreamed  
The bend and her love hid the world's sorrow.





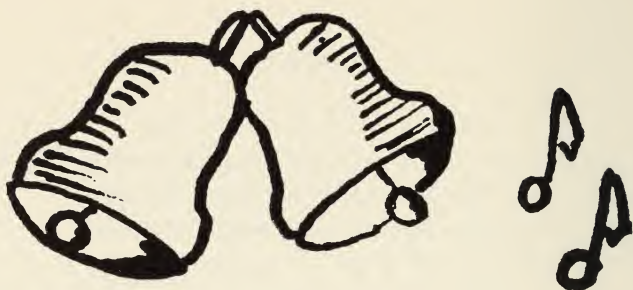
## SEEDS

You think of seeds as something you must plant in a straight row.  
Then sit back satisfied, to watch them thrive and grow.  
I speak of seeds you plant, in young minds and hearts.  
As they grow they will divide into a million parts.

Until today I thought — his seed forever still.  
Then I heard someone speak, that gave my heart a thrill.  
An old man planted seeds, in the mind of a lad.  
Although they both are gone — my heart's no longer sad.

You see the lad grew up — to another gave the seed.  
In time he sent it on, to someone else in need.  
Today God showed me why a man gave seeds to a boy.  
His precious seed had grown, my cup was filled with joy.





### GRANDMOTHER'S CHURCH

At the corner way down on Seventh Street,  
Stands a little old church all white and neat.  
Hundreds come here to kneel and pray.  
Though they have gone — the church will stay.

This church is the best friend I ever had.  
Inside its walls I've been happy and sad.  
A lifetime of living it has seen me through.  
Renewed my faith, from it strength I drew.

The first time I went there, I was a bride.  
I knew lots of happiness when inside.  
We christened our baby there one glad day.  
And promised to show and teach Him God's way.

Time passed and he grew; a twelve year old boy,  
Took first Communion, his face bright with joy;  
A young man, at six each Sunday night,  
Went there to sing and say God is right.

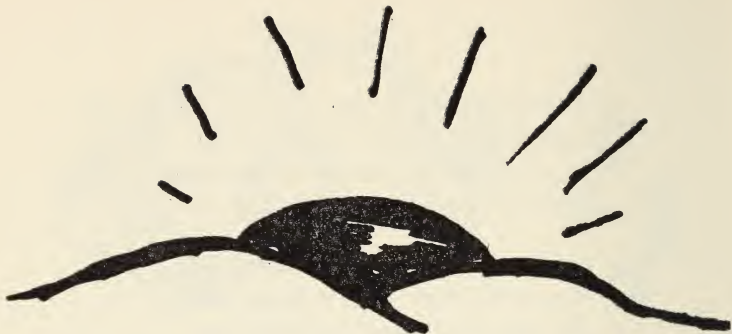
Once more I attended a wedding there;  
It was my oldest son's; a happy affair!  
He stood at the altar in uniform new  
And smiled with pride as he answered "I do!"

After that, I went often to kneel and pray,  
For war had taken our sons away.  
When again I stood in the church by his side,  
My heart was singing, while for you "Beth" I cried.

We next took our grandson; with radiant smile,  
His father carried him down the aisle.  
To Sunday School in this church he was sent.  
Long precious hours within it he spent.

One day to a funeral I went there;  
My heart was heavy and filled with care;  
I walked down the aisle to the music we dread,  
For before the altar a dear one lay dead.

Through the long years they come, then they will go,  
But this dear old church will remain, I know;  
May it always stay on the corner there,  
A haven in sorrow, a place for prayer!



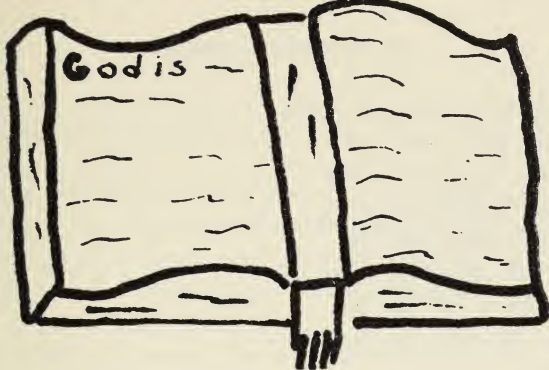
## INSPIRATION TIME

Grandmother fed her chickens  
As the sun rose and set  
That time to her was precious  
One I remember yet.

She stood at the rustic gate  
Smokey lantern in her hand.  
And watched God's colors all unfurl  
Then wave to bless her land.

Each time the picture was quite new  
And thus she never tired  
Of watching fleecy rainbow clouds  
Which left her all inspired.

Have you seen His sunrise?  
Then awake before the dawn  
And when His colors light your face  
You too will feel closer drawn.



### MY FRIEND

My friend is someone for whom,  
I have a special place in my heart.  
Though I travel here and there  
We are never far apart.

He comes every day to me  
Through a still voice or thought.  
To you He would come and yet,  
His friendship you have never sought.

You say you have lots of friends,  
You need no more to make you glad.  
Some fill your long hours with joy,  
And others make you sad.

My friend is so serene and calm  
To me my life my all.  
And when I'm troubled I close the door  
And wait for Him to call.

Perhaps by now you have guessed my friend  
Or have you even tried?  
Perhaps you do not know of Him,  
Who on a cross once died.

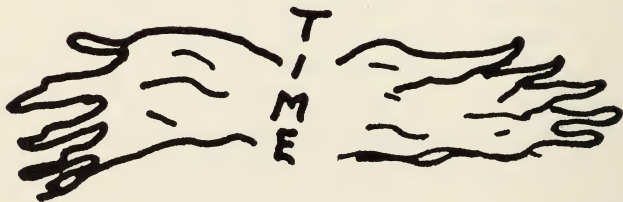
How did I get acquainted,  
With such a friend you now ask?  
I read God's Word — I found His son,  
To tell you is my task.

## UNKNOWN MARKET

She heard the first dry rustle  
Of the leaves one day,  
Found a big green walnut  
By her garden gate,  
Saw caterpillars crawling  
Near the old smoke house  
Watched a red sun set  
Knew fall would not be late.

She found a rose half opened  
Lying in the weeds  
Where sweet Madonna lilies  
Had long since died.  
Now only purple asters  
Stood fresh and green,  
Among the sweet pea pods  
All brown and dried.

Summer traveled as fast  
As a hawk that year.  
With age, time flies  
So she was told.  
The first signs of fall  
Had greeted her tired eyes.  
And she longed for a place  
Where summer was sold.



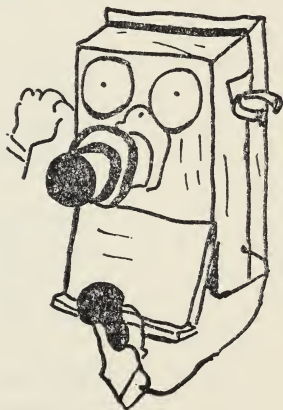
## GRANDMOTHER ASKS ARE YOU A TALKER?

Have you ever stopped to listen to a group of women talk?  
They chitter and they chatter and they sometimes even mock.  
Take the talker first whose story start out loud so all can hear.  
Near the end she almost whispers in her willing neighbor's ear.

Next we have the gossip who hears more than all the rest  
But she never tells it straight with a long tongue she is blest.  
Present is a silent one who has nothing much to say  
But stores up all the gossip to use another day.

We also have a lady who is always easily shocked.  
Her head shakes in disapproval, tightens lips, till tongues are blocked.  
If you find you are a talker here is a bit of good advice;  
Before you retell anything always pause and then think twice.

Will it hurt? If so forget it,  
Never smear, it may destroy.  
What you speak of here today.  
Should be tomorrow's joy.





## MONEY

Is money the root of all evil?  
Let us think what it will buy.  
Clothes, material things and food  
Yet nothing to keep when we die.

The things that it can not buy are  
Happiness, sunshine and rain,  
Friends, music, religion,  
Tears and yes even pain.

Take care when you think of money  
Be sure you value it low  
Better a beggar than possess things  
And have your soul not grow.





### UNSEEN WINDOW

I have a small high window  
Where I draw the shade each night,  
And pause to look up at His world,  
All lite — with star dust light.

Always there comes peace of mind,  
As I watch the clouds drift by,  
I think of all who live up there  
And long for them — and sigh.

Then a voice says "They are not gone,"  
"I, your God just bid them stay."  
"And thus they are unseen by you"  
"Who still have feet of clay."

## BREATH OF SPRING

I opened my kitchen door  
To a warm scented breeze  
Which brought me a breath of perfume  
From a distant blossoming trees.

A blue jay in my lilacs  
Held a red string in her bill  
And wild pink apple blossoms  
Bloomed on our pasture hill.

The yard was nodding with blue bells  
White lillies grew by the gate.  
Dandelions hugged spring beauties,  
Awaiting their man-made fate.

My eyes looked on a new world  
Which caused the heart to sing.  
I stood in silence, thanking God  
For His first breath of spring.



## THE OAK TREE'S PROMISE

She stood at the foot of an old oak tree  
Whose gaunt form stretched toward an April sky.  
Its branches creaked with the wind and rain,  
Saying "I will live yet before I die."

Not much to tell it had lived before  
Except the gnarled limbs and an empty nest.  
Which hung so courageously to a branch  
Forgotten and filled with the winds unrest.

Of a sudden she realized the old tree  
Had learned much of living in its long life.  
She bowed in prayer, softly spoke these words.  
"Give me too the courage to live with my strife."

## AUTUMN'S TOUCH

Yesterday I saw  
An acorn by the tree.  
Cattails in our branch  
And milkweeds waved to me.

Yellow pasture hills  
All covered with golden rod.  
Wheat fields plowed under,  
Exposing fresh black sod.

Red haws on the slope  
And persimmons make one winch.  
Apples ripening in the sun  
And pears and grapes and quince.

Have you seen her touch?  
Miss Autumn's passed this way.  
Dressed for quite a fling  
Before winter comes to stay.

## AUTUMN'S CHILL

She stood one day on a rustic bridge  
And watched dark waters drift slowly by  
She saw dead leaves floating down the stream  
And heard the wind through the cattails sigh.

Overhead flocks of wild ducks and geese  
Were traveling south in a pointed line.  
Golden rod shivered and hugged the fence  
As milkpods burst from the warm sunshine.

Hickory nuts fell close by her feet  
And a squirrel hurried to gather them in,  
Up stream two beavers finished their dam  
And mice built a home in an old corn bin.

The day was done and as twilight fell  
A million things told her it was fall.  
Indian summer with its beauty was gone  
And the world stood waiting for winter to call.

## THANKS MOM

Yesterday a little one  
Untied my apron strings.  
Today young arms encircle me,  
Proving his heart still clings.

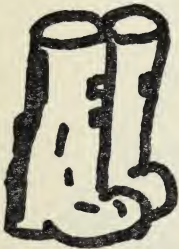
Yesterday the ceaseless work  
Made life seem not worth while.  
Today he plans his future life —  
I hide my fears and smile.

Yesterday a memory!  
How fast time slipped away.  
Today a young man graduates  
And starts down life's highway.

Tomorrow will unfold for him  
Brimful of work and fun.  
Today his words were worth it all:  
"Thanks, Mom, for what you've done."

## SNOW STEPS

My weary day is done,  
The sun and clouds sink low.  
I think of all the fun  
The child had in the snow.  
I look across the floor,  
And see the snowy track  
Where he came through the door  
To get his snowman's pack.  
I sigh, and then I see  
The snow steps of another  
A child so dear to me  
But tears I must smother.  
I go and get the broom,  
And call to my grandson.  
Then we soon clean the room  
Through work we have our fun.  
Now just remember dear,  
The boots and snowy track  
Come when the child is near.  
Someday you'll want him back.



## GRANDMOTHER'S PRAYER

The park was still-deserted  
As I paused to rest awhile  
Dead leaves floated in a pool  
Crushed from their weary trial.  
I sat and watched dusk shadows  
Softly steal the light away.  
Warm, relaxed, contented  
I closed my eyes to pray.

Suddenly the little park  
Was aglow with shining light  
I looked up, He stood near  
His face, oh, so bright.  
How did I know it was Christ?  
By the look in His dear eyes.  
Soft, caressing, gentle,  
Sad from my troubled sighs.

He smiled and tenderly spoke  
"Why do you foolish pray?  
"There are many others I  
"Would have you lead my way."  
"My prayers foolish? Why?  
"To me they are sweet and dear."  
He answered "Selfish prayers,  
"From you I always seem to hear."

Yes! He was right my prayers  
Were always just for me.  
Other peoples troubles I  
Was too engrossed to see.  
He was gone and with His passing  
The day seemed turned to night.  
Then reverently I prayed.  
"God help me show your light."

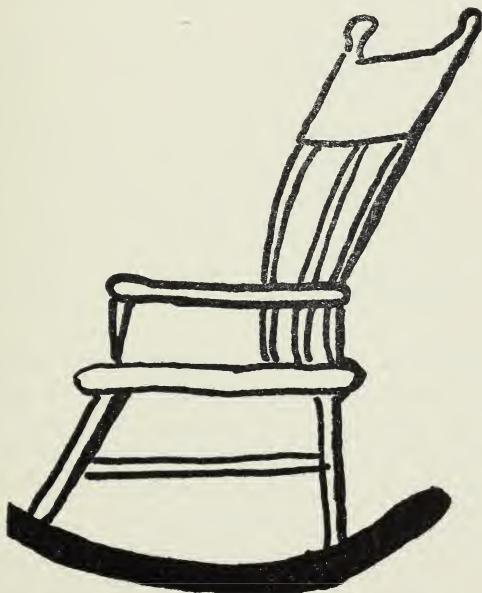


## GRANDMA'S ROCKING CHAIR

Her chair sits vacant now with rockers worn away.  
Made of solid oak, once painted red and grey.  
The high fancy back looks like a queenly throne.  
With arms swung low to cradle a child half-grown.

Times were the rocker wasn't still all day or night,  
Especially with her first whose cheeks were far too bright.  
Many little people were rocked in this old chair,  
Her eight, plus her grandchildren, both dark and fair.

She rocked and told us stories of days long since gone by,  
How granddad fought the Indians, and then she would stop to sigh.  
Her hands were never idle; here she sat to peel and mend.  
We found her yesterday, rocked asleep by her Friend.



Mrs. Vivian White was born in a farmhouse in Christian County, some 5 miles north and west of Taylorville, Illinois on September 8, 1906. She was educated in the Virden grade and high schools, and graduated from Springfield College of Music and Denver School of Journalism.

Mrs. White has been writing short musical plays, stories and poems since her high school days.

At the present time her poetry is appearing regularly in four newspapers and numerous magazines throughout the United States.

Recently her poem "Autumn's Touch" was placed in an anthology called "Father", which contained the modern poets of United States and Canada. Deluxe copies were presented to President Eisenhower and Queen Elizabeth of England for their private libraries.

Mrs. White is the wife of Attorney Alexander White of Auburn, Illinois and the mother of two sons (one deceased) and the grandmother of one grandson.



